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Specialization vs. Correlation

By Francis A. Kleinhenz

A PRODUCT largely of the universal acceptance of the scientific method and the belief that every field of learning is a science to be interpreted in terms of mathematical formulae, the supposed academic virtues of concentration and specialization today reach into practically every phase of human existence. Not only has specialization become an integral part of our modern mechanized age, but it has been the very motive force of our continued material advancement. The pursuance of specialized study has encouraged experimentation and research which in turn have led to the discoveries of tremendous significance in both the material and social order. Without a doubt, specialization in all fields has been one of the prime movers in pushing back the frontiers of ignorance. On the other hand, this same methodic design of specialization has had an extremely narrowing effect upon many branches of activity. Perhaps nowhere has the design been carried to such adverse extremes as in the field of education itself.

Specialization in education is productive of much good, but when it is carried to the extremity of over-specialization, so charcteristic of our own academic age, it undermines and tends to the destruction of the very purposes and aims to which any worthwhile system of education must be dedicated. Fearing to tread upon the pre-empted ground of his colleagues, the modern-day academician deals with skills and subject matter in a very narrow context, and, despite claims that skills are, within certain limits, transferred from one area of study to another, students are generally left to stumble by their own devices out of the context rut into which they have been led. Some do it laboriously; others mistakenly; some not at all. Few there are in secular institutions today who reap the rewards of a broad and expansive liberal education. Rather, most find, upon finishing their studies, that their skills and knowledge, so painstakingly acquired, but so deftly compartmentalized, have been locked

apart from one another in a bewildering fashion. They discover that they have been left only with the unassembled parts of an assembly-line education. Little realizing that all fields of human endeavor are closely interrelated, they often fail to comprehend the broader, all-encompassing meaning of life itself.

Whatever the basis of present-day philosophies of education, it should be clearly recognized that it is just as necessary to demonstrate the correlation existing between subject fields as it is to concentrate upon the attainment of mastery within the given limits of a special field of interest. For purposes of illustration, examine the field of speech as it is handled by most large universities today.

As a subject set apart from all others in a university curriculum, speech, broadly conceived, seeks to impart to the student skills designed to stimulate a more intelligent, effective, and purposeful use of the delicate art of oral communication. The student is taught how best to organize and communicate his ideas so that he can better influence human behavior. To further this purpose, the student analyzes such things as audience situations, voice control, coordination of the body, speech composition and style, and a host of other techniques which conduce to successful speaking.

For a proper development of each of these techniques, however, one must give due consideration to the important contributions made by such other subjects as English, history, literature, logic, and ethics. Any attempt to divorce speech from one or all of these subjects would frustrate the essential purpose of speech training. Especially would this be the case with regard to ethics.

Most experts in the field of public speaking agree that in order to be a good speaker in every respect, one must be a "good man." It is not only extremely difficult but next to impossible for a speaker to mask or misrepresent qualities of his own moral character when speaking to a group or even an individual. Thus, a person's success in a given speech situation depends to a great extent upon his moral background; for that background appears silently in practically every idea he expresses, and upon it is based the opinion which an audience or individual later forms of the speaker. Despite contrary claims, an unscrupulous person skilled in speech techniques can never be a lasting influence among men. A good man, on the other hand, who has developed to a high point the effective skills of speech, has within himself the power to move nations.

Essentially, the total speech situation includes the intent of the speaker and an audience situation to which the speaker must attune the specific use of speech techniques. The intentional content of the spoken word must, of necessity, be associated with concepts of morality. It is precisely at this point in speech training where the function of correlation breaks down, for little discussion is reserved for an emphatic interpretation of the moral concept of goodness. Either it is assumed that the concept is unimportant or that it is so simple that it defies exact interpretation. If a concept is formulated, it is too often one supposedly designed to suit the particular needs of the speech specialist. The results in both instances are to be deplored.

In the first case, complete failure to demonstrate the relationship between a moral concept of goodness and the art of speaking leads almost inevitably to the subtle implication that speech can be employed in any way one sees fit in order to achieve a desired end. It is upon the unquestioned acceptance of this implication that the polished demagogue depends largely for his success. For him, anything is legitimate just as long as it works.

On the other hand, one cannot pick and choose among the various systems of ethics in the hope of arriving at some workable norm or standard of goodness which can be applied in a utilitarian manner to the demands of the speech situation. A subjective or relative norm is no norm at all. The man who would strive to become the good man skilled in speaking defeats his purpose if he establishes a moral concept of goodness which revolves accidentally around changing values and which can be utilized subjectively in changing circumstances. It is sheer intellectual folly to suppose that moral concepts are nothing more than convenient arrangements which, like the wholly unrelated tangibles of the material order, change with respect to time and place. A standard of moral goodness, to be fully adequate as a standard, must not flow from such extraneous and accidental conditions as time and place, but must be derived from the nature of man himself, a nature which is unchanging and unchangeable. Any concept not formulated in terms of human nature becomes meaningless, purely subjective, and ultimately utilitarian. Suited to the needs of speech, which are rightly assumed to change with every situation and circumstances, a relative concept would encourage perverted abuses by speakers interested only in carefully concealing their shrewd manipulative artistry. Any concept, there-

fore, not based on human nature is subjective and utilitarian. It is just as good as no concept at all.

Were these obviously fundamental notions as self evident and widely accepted as some claim, we would not find critics of rhetoric generally advising that the best moral standard for the student of speech to adopt is one that falls somewhere between the opposing systems of ethical relativism and ethical absolutism. Contrary to this view, we are forced by reason to hold that moral standards, like human nature itself, are immutable. Consequently, they must be consistently related and applied to the changing speech situations. Any other interpretation given to the necessary relationship between speech and moral standards amounts to nothing less than a left-handed way of condoning deception, subjective manipulation, and all the other devices used by the polished demagogue.

Thus, the idea that whatever technique seems to work best must certainly be good is a gross perversion of human nature. Resulting partly from the specialized isolation of the field of speech from the field of ethics, this notion, violently opposed to common sense, encourages students within our schools to dedicate themselves to techniques employed by speakers of the Bilbo and Huey Long variety.

Obviously, over-specialization runs counter to all that was once deemed worth-while in a liberal education. The skills and techniques imparted to students are seldom integrated. Rather, they remain throughout life in standing isolation, like so many finely woven but feeble reeds which bend and break beneath the slightest adverse wind. A reasonable amount of integration and correlation should be combined with concentrated specialization. Once combined, however, these demonstrations of interrelatedness must be of the right kind, for correlation which is not based upon high moral standards conforming in every respect to objectively valid concepts is as bad, perhaps worse, than no correlation at all.

Prayer

Dear Saint John Chrysostom,
Give us grace and wysosdom.

—Fred McGunagle

How to Be a Cad

THERE is a right way and a wrong way to do a job. But I'll wager the author of that platitude never broke an engagement. There is no right way to break an engagement. There are only wrong ways. I know! I tried them all.

The "subtle step" is perhaps the first choice of most men. It raises one's ego. I started with it.

You come to the conclusion that Penelope is not Betty Grable. You hesitate to tell her that because black eyes draw too much attention in crowded places, and you don't like attention. You despise crying women. Embarrassing moments are not your meat. An abundance of friends is a great asset to you. You fill the bill. Come on deck for the "subtle step."

You are driving home from the "Ice Capades." Penelope comments on the lack of conversation and asks if anything is wrong.

"Honey," you answer after a long pause—always pause—"I'm not the type of man that you ought to marry. After all, my salary is only seventy-five dollars per week and my education doesn't compare with yours. I'm not good enough for you and I want you to know you're free to marry someone else."

"No, no, Joey," she'll say, "you're the most wonderful person on earth. Why darling, you graduated from high school. You're smart. Oh, Joey, you're so handsome! Darling, we'll manage somehow on the seventy-five dollars. Don't even think of such a thing as my wanting someone else! I can't even bear the thought of anyone but you!"

After being foiled on your attempt at subtlety but feeling at least fifty per cent better, you seek another means of conveying your disaffections. The "intermediate step" now offers itself as an alternative.

"Penelope," you say in an earnest tone, "we don't have much in common, do we? You don't like operas, nor music, nor dancing, and

I can't seem to enjoy roller skating, nor the movies, nor traveling, the way you do. One of the most important features in marriage, after all, is having similar likes and dislikes."

"Sweetheart, we have each other—isn't that enough? We could live on love alone. Wonderful!"

"But . . . . ." (This is a must.)

"No *buts,* darling Joey, we can live on love. That's enough in common."

I should point out here the difference between the "subtle step" and the "intermediate step" of tie-breaking. The "intermediate step" is merely a change of blame-placing from the first person singular to the first person plural and carries with it the same ego-raising effect as the first method. Sometimes there is a question of whether to use it or not. This isn't a difficult question to answer. Are you going with a six-foot girl, or a five-foot-three girl? Does she weigh one-eighty and look like Gorgeous George, or does she weigh one-ten and look like a schmoo?

I haven't mentioned anything yet about her acceptance of the stated facts as set forth in the above steps. Brother, you don't need to worry about that! Women are too eager for a male with a purse string untied to let little arguments such as these turn them aside from the beaten path. But if this unheard-of thing should occur, just kneel down on the spot and say a prayer. You have been delivered from the perils and punishments of the third, or "sure step."

In the third step, gentlemen, you don't beat around the bush. You come to Penelope with but one purpose in mind—to give her the "heave ho."

The essence of the "sure step" is contained in the simple statement, "I want to break our engagement." After you mention those damnable words—and they are damnable—step back three paces. This little trick saved me quite a doctor bill on my second affair. It is also well to remember that those three paces should be placed in the proper direction, so take a bearing on the nearest aisle of escape when you arrive for the conflict.

The "sure step" carries with it the scourge of ostracism from all social life within a reasonable area of your home. Your friends aren't trustworthy anymore—as if they ever had been—and your enemies sweep the smutty closets of their brains for more juicy gossip to

spread. Her parents look at you with a "Truman-to-Pearson expression" and don't say a discernable word to you. She nauseates you by throwing herself on the floor and crying till she apparently becomes hysterical. Don't be swayed into weakening by any of these contretemps, men! If she cries—she will—cry yourself! Show her that she isn't the only one in the room that can act. *But don't give in!* This is the most important thing to remember in the third step.

A knowledge of the fundamentals is necessary for success in any endeavor. What I have written merely outlines the basic structure of this art. The ingenious student no doubt can suggest ramifications. So be careful boys, but be first!

The Early Bird

The maxim often quoted, readeth so:
The worm is gotten by the early bird—
A statement never challenged even though
It's been by countless generations heard.
Well then, sir, you who coined this famous phrase,
Which you so quaintly thus do choose to term,
Tell me, if this early rising pays,
Just what reward befalls the early worm?

If thus his punctuality's reward
Is to be seized by some devouring jay,
'Twould seem, methinks, that any such award
Would lead him to believe it does not pay.
A fie upon you, sir—your one mistake:
It takes both birds and worms a world to make.

—Fred McGunagle

Thread of Meaning

By Edward J. Brunton

DURING a tour of military duty in southern California in 1943, destiny brought another fellow and myself together in the same organization. I say destiny did, because this friend proved to play an important negative role on my own road to Damascus. When time was full for our meeting, I had been fairly well instructed in Catholic thought, and this by none other than the Right Reverend Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen.

It must have seemed odd to Ralph that a non-Catholic would listen so intently and earnestly to the teachings. Arguments followed in which Ralph always carried the field. He was, after all, a graduate of a college in Portland, Oregon, was imbued with culture, and was importuning me to forsake what he called the nonsense of the dogmatism of the Catholic powers. "The Church is on the side of those in power," he would strongly say. Little did he realize, now I understand, that although he referred to temporal power—so making his accusation groundless—he was stating a truth; for the Church is not only on the side of, but is the very warm friend of those in power, those who have embraced and have been embraced by the light of Faith. For as the Lord called his followers, not servants, but friends, so His Mystical Body calls us friends. And in truth, these friends of Mother Church are in power; for what power, tell me, is there outside the Kingdom? While Ralph had condemned falsely, he had unwittingly inferred the truth. The Lord is even hidden in the thoughts, words, and deeds of skepticism. God is everywhere.

And by His grace, though Ralph carried the field in every discussion we had, he never did convince me of his views. I had tasted of the sects, and found them lacking; tasted the experience of standing in awe before the god of culture, and found it endlessly complex and threatening; yet, it was into the temple of culture, humanistic culture, that Ralph led me, where he thought I might find di-

version from the teachings of the Catholic powers. I did not see this then, but I do see it now. He took me to a concert in San Diego.

The Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra was being conducted by William Steinberg. Smetana's *The Mouldau* and, of all things, Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* went over my head like the meaning of faith over the head of a skeptic. I wanted to seem impressed in order to seem cultured, but that Sunday afternoon my heart yearned for the oratorical music of Monsignor Sheen. His initial appeal, the emotional, had captured me; and it was this satisfaction that my soul, my sick soul sought. Not until years later did it dawn upon me that the first appeal to the emotions is just as spiritual a force as the ultimate appeal of the force of logic. Those who criticize the modern Demosthenes's art as "merely emotional" would have their own child find a shining, glittering new dime, dash gleefully into the house, and merely yawn casually, "Mom, I found only a dime."

Ralph couldn't make it to San Diego the following Sunday afternoon, and not having anything else to do, I went to the concert. This day in 1943 was a Dunkirk to my soul—something I didn't realize then. The deep searching pathos of Tschaikovsky's *Pathetigue* symphony entered those God-given (made for the message of hope) portals and reached my soul for the first time. What a terrific impact the symphony made upon a soul, searching and sick for a meaning of life: a scratching, clawing, killing warfare of a life! The last movement of this pathetic music held the fateful key to the meaning of life for me in 1943. It was a key worn-out with hopelessness and the blind forces of fatalism. "All is vain and empty with despair" was the final conclusion of the *Adagio Lamentoso* as it celloed its way into silence: the only reward of fatalism—silence, dark silence . . .

Thus it was that music was added to my life to give it what I thought to be a synthesis. The expected growth of any music lover ensued: from the brooding Tschaikovsky to the defiant Beethoven to the noble Brahms, and at last, in my own particular growth—to the brooding, defiant nobility of Sibelius. Music was indeed the stream of life, and, in my life, the source of this stream was friend Ralph.

We parted as all soldiers do. He was sent to California University to study German and occupational government. I went overseas to Liverpool, Paris, and the frightful ruins of a city-less Germany. We

never met after that parting. One letter I did receive: he wrote that I should keep going on that music, that music was one of the major reasons for being alive. He added that the *Pathetigue* was the first album of music he ever owned, and how much he had enjoyed it. The eternity of skepticism: *Adagio Lamentoso!*

Seven years later: 1950.

I was leaving Severance Hall after listening to a splendid performance by the Cleveland Orchestra, when I met a friend with whom I work. Although we do not know one another very well, I had heard that he had, some few months back, lost in childbirth his second child and his wife. And so as I drove him home, the lonesome one took opportunity to release the pressure of sorrowful remorse. He gave a vivid description of his wife, who must have been very holy and wonderful. He told me of things that had happened in his life and theirs, and these inferred his great fund of faith. He told me of the tragic suddenness of her passing, how she was in perfect health and humor right up until twelve-forty o'clock that night, laughing with the nurses; and how, twenty minutes later, her beautiful soul had passed from the earth. All this he told me—all this in the soft tones of sorrow.

Then his theme became lighter as he told of how they had met, that music had brought them together; how he had loved music, played the piano, the violin; that her father was a violin maker, and how he remembered her as she appeared at the door the first time he called upon her father. He told me of how she too loved music, and how they would study and play together. And she was in love with him, and he did not know it for years. All this he told me.

And then: "Music has failed me! It has failed me!" It was evident that the man who emphasized that profound declaration had one time thought music a sole synthesis for life. "Music has failed me." There was a note of disappointment in his voice, but not for long. I was somewhat surprised even though I had by this year 1950 discovered the drama of the Mass, the beauty of the Preface sung to the Blessed Trinity, and the sweetness of *Tantum Ergo Sacramentum*. He told me then of what his consolation consisted: prayer; and in what manner he prayed. A Nun who had known his beloved spouse had told him recently: "You need not pray *for* her. Pray *to* her."

All these things he told me. It was sorrowful release for him and joyful revelation for me. The beauty of his living sacrament of a marriage and its story brought the year 1943, the friend Ralph to mind. In God there is no time; in things of the spirit there is no time. In this moment, the years 1943 and 1950 were one: the day of Our Lord. What Ralph had said about music, my sorrowful friend had answered. Music failed in a crisis. Prayer was consolation. Prayer, therefore, must be more fundamental to the meaning of life.

Suddenly I saw it as one moment, as if Ralph, my sorrowful friend, and I were talking there together. The span of seven years meant nothing to the revelation. Things of the spirit were at work. And for me, 1943 and 1950 were years sewn together with an invisible thread of meaning.

"Yea, faileth now even . . .
lute the lutanist."
—Francis Thompson

It seems to me I have a mind that sees
Much more than it is likely to admit;
Unobstructed by superfluities
It skirts the labyrinth and leaps the pit.
A woman's wiles are but too clearly shown—
Alas, a bitter irony revealing
Things to me that are better left unknown,
A feeling, deeply akin to stealing.
While others are free to follow their hearts,
'Twas never meant to be the case with me;
I am bound with the chain of reason's arts:
Things shrouded to others I'm cursed to see.
Actions veiled in an ebony cloak
Upon close scrutiny vanish in smoke.

—Sal Jeffries

Ebony

By Peter Carlin

FROM a dark corner of the small file-room, Ebony slowly approached his master, who suddenly stooped and bestowed a swift welcoming pat on the cat's silky head.

The friendly gesture would have amazed anyone who saw it, for Andrew Griffith, famed scientist, had long been known to despise any form of human love or friendship. At an early age he had decided to dedicate his life to the scientific field of his choice, the then little-explored subject of nuclear physics. From that time on he had separated himself almost completely from the rest of humanity, although he was extremely well known because of his tremendous achievements. The importance of his discoveries had been a deciding factor in the government's decision to appoint him to a research post at the Spring Valley Atomic Energy Plant.

Despite his anti-social tendencies, however, Griffith had somehow retained in his heart a love for animals, a love which had been returned so far only by Ebony, whose thick black fur indicated the origin of his name. Upon Ebony, Griffith lavished all the kindness and care that his warped mind had withheld from human beings. He had even persuaded the harassed director of the plant to permit him to keep the tiny cat with him at his work. Thus, Ebony had become quite familiar to the members of the staff at the plant, most of whom made stinging remarks about the cat's choice of companions.

Another side to Griffith's character lay hidden under his drab exterior. To put it plainly, he was a traitor to his country. Since the commencement of his work at the atomic plant, he had been engaged in copying certain vital documents and transmitting these notes to a member of the Communist Party who was employed at a nearby resort hotel. His reasons for espionage were many, perhaps the foremost of which was that his twisted mentality received a grotesque enjoyment in betraying the nation in which he had been able to achieve such an eminent position.

Thus it happened that on this particular chilly November evening, Ebony had accompanied his master on one of the nocturnal visits to the top-secret files of the plant, easily accessible to Griffith, who possessed a stolen set of master keys. Griffith took Ebony along on these missions principally as a sort of silent guard whose actions would forewarn him of any unwanted intrusions.

The scientist worked efficiently and without undue haste. His alert mind summarized concisely the complex material on the sheets in his hand, and soon he had jotted down the important points of a certain process in the production of the atomic bomb.

After finishing his unholy task, he softly called Ebony, then left the building by a rear window. Once in his own sparsely furnished room, he quickly checked his notes and left the room to walk to his battered and nondescript car.

With Ebony huddled beside him, he drove to the main entrance, flipped open his set of credentials in the beam of the guard's flashlight, and started out on a five-mile drive to a meeting with his Communist contact.

Within fifteen minutes he had arrived at the entrance of the forlorn side road which served as an ideal rendezvous for the agent and himself. He waited until a distant car approached and passed him. Then he drove cautiously down the side road to a point about five hundred feet from the entrance. There he halted and got out of the car. From a clump of bushes on the other side of the road rose a short, stubby man clad in overalls and a thick sweater.

The two men exchanged no greetings. Griffith quickly pulled the small pack of notes from his pocket and was just about to give them to the other man when a strong voice nearby commanded: "Stop right where you are and raise your hands!"

Within an instant a band of six heavily-armed men had surrounded the startled pair.

"All right, Griffith, it looks like your little game is just about all over!" exclaimed the leader of the group, who identified himself as Inspector Jack Miles of the FBI.

He snatched the notebook from Griffith's hand, thumbed through it rapidly, and grunted. "This just about puts the noose around your necks," he snapped.

"Bring the car down here, Ed," he ordered one of the men. "We're going to take these two back to the plant."

Suddenly, Griffith, who appeared to have been struck dumb by the turn of events, spoke. His voice trembled slightly, but he forced himself to control it. "One question, Miles," he muttered, "which one of us slipped up?"

"Well, Griffith, I'd be obliged to say you did," grinned the inspector. "Here's the way it happened. During the past few months the Intelligence Service has informed us that the Soviet Union has made unexpectedly great advances in the production of the atomic bomb, advances which paralleled the new techniques being developed at Spring Valley."

"We knew there must be a leak somewhere," Miles continued, "so we checked the plant systematically, but we were stymied at first. Then we got a clue, a clue which almost without a shadow of a doubt proved that you were the leak. We could have arrested you earlier tonight, but we wanted to tail you and capture your contact here too."

"What was the clue?" asked Griffith. His face was drawn with nervous strain, and rage shone in his sharp eyes.

"Well, Griffith, while we were checking the plant, a porter happened to mention to one of the boys that he kept finding one or two dead mice in the file-room when he went there to clean up in the morning. We questioned the staff about it. What they told us broke the case wide open."

Miles's voice grew harsh. "Sure, there were several others who could have made intelligible notes on the stuff, but, Griffith, you're the only one who has a cat!"

Dilemma

"Who would get the job," asked the prof,
"If the President died and went to his Maker?"
The scholar thought for awhile, then replied:
"A Democratic undertaker."

—Pat Trese

Catholic Choirmasters Correspondence Course

By Louis Denny

POPE PIUS X, in his *Motu Proprio* on Gregorian Chant and sacred music, strives to arouse and foster a Christian spirit in the faithful by advising them to gain a deeper understanding of the sacred liturgy, and to take part with greater zest in the ceremonies of the Mass and the singing of the psalms and the public prayers. He also enumerates many of the abuses affecting sacred music and chant, and states that the tendency to deviate from the proper rules must be corrected. The *Motu Proprio* emphasizes the rules regarding sacred music.

This encyclical was issued in 1903. Approximately thirty-five years later it was read by a brilliant young musical student named Clifford A. Bennett. At the time, Bennett held four degrees in music which he obtained at foremost American institutions, and was employed as organist and choirmaster at Sacred Heart Church in Pittsburgh. Although he realized that up until his time many societies and organizations were working to restore sacred music and chant, Bennett decided to devote his life to this cause. Bennett, however, wanted something more than being merely a member of one of these societies. He wanted something that would make the knowledge of sacred music more widespread in a direct and simple manner.

Shortly after, Bennett became affiliated with the Gregorian Institute of America in Toledo, Ohio, and with the help of a group of men established the Catholic Choirmasters Correspondence Course. Bennett and his followers reasoned that the establishment of institutions of sacred music and the courses they offered, no matter how meritorious, had not solved the problem for the many thousands who devote their life to the Church's music. Hampered by their obligations to vocational activities and the inconvenience, time, and expense involved in traveling to secure the instruction they needed, many were continuing to labor with much uncertainty. So to these

members of the sacred fraternity of Liturgical Music, Clifford Bennett dedicated the Catholic Choirmasters Correspondence Course.

The whole purpose of the CCCC is to acquaint church musicians, school music teachers, members of religious communities, priests and seminarians with the broad aspects of Gregorian Chant, chant accompaniment, choral training, polyphony, liturgy, and the methods whereby these subjects can be integrated with parish life. With the aid of thirteen highly competent men—six priests, four brothers, and three lay men—Bennett published the texts for his course. These men possess broad experience and knowledge and are experts in the subject about which they write. Every lesson they write is edited with care so that the facts they present may be easy to grasp, to understand, and to apply. The CCCC was developed only after many years of thoughtful planning on the part of these ambitious priests and musicians. No stage of its long and careful development presented any difficulty in obtaining the cooperation of a prominent, enthusiastic faculty which would give the necessary time and care to the writing of the lessons. Men such as Joseph Bonnet, world's most renowned concert organist and president of the Institute Gregorian, are on the faculty of the CCCC. With such a staff of the most nationally prominent scholars, Bennett's project was sure to succeed.

Generous cooperation and a keen understanding of the problems concerning the musical and liturgical organization of Catholic worship overcame all the problems but one. Bennett and his staff realized the necessity for an affiliation with a college of recognized standing. Many of the colleges were willing to cooperate, but few had the staff equipped with the experience and time necessary for the correcting and supervising of the students' papers. Finally the publishers of the CCCC made arrangements with the administration of St. Albertus College of Racine, Wisconsin. Situated in the archdiocese of Milwaukee, this college has long been known for its strict adherence to liturgical standards ever since the days of the great American Catholic Church musician, John Singenberger. The College is staffed by the Sisters of St. Dominic who are known throughout the Middle West for their energetic and enthusiastic liturgical work. A group of Sisters of the college music faculty assume the responsibilities of correcting, grading, and supervising each student's work. These Sisters have been specially trained in the

most minute details of their work. Perhaps the greatest advantage that came with the backing of St. Albertus College is Bennett's right to present the CCCC as an accredited college course. Certainly this has greatly increased the number of enrollments.

The Catholic Choirmasters Correspondence Course consists of 157 progressive lessons covering the entire field of Liturgical Music. Sixteen subjects constitute the course. Some of the lessons included are Church Music Legislation, Latin Pronunciation, Male Choir Training, Polyphony, and the Divine Office. Other important subjects are covered, and all are directly pertinent to a church musician's work. Instruction texts for the course are prepared especially for learning when the teacher is not present. Each lesson presents information so clearly and simply that anyone can understand; and each has clarity of expression far beyond those books which depend on the immediate presence of the teacher to explain.

One other unique feature of this course is a set of practical recordings which illustrate points of theory in the lesson texts. These recordings enable the student through imitation to gain confidence and ability in correctly using the Latin, the vocal exercises, and the chant compositions of the liturgy. A precise correlation of text lessons and records contributes to the training of a capable, intelligent church musician.

Upon the successful completion of the 157 written lessons, the four quarterly examinations, and the examination at the end of a two-week summer session, the student receives six college credits and the diploma in Sacred Music awarded by St. Albertus College. The diploma, which stands for ability and knowledge, is accredited to the University of Wisconsin.

Students who have completed the course also have good chances for employment. All graduates of the CCCC who hold the accredited diploma of St. Albertus College School of Music are registered with the Placement Bureau and are recommended for positions of importance as choirmasters, organists, and teachers of Church music. Pastors know that the diploma means ability and knowledge. Hundreds of pastors already have specified their desire to obtain the service of a CCCC graduate who they know will be skilled in all departments of the Church's Liturgical worship.

Clifford A. Bennett's aim was to make the knowledge of sacred music more widespread. The results of his work in this field show

that he has accomplished his aim and has contributed greatly to the growth and vitality of Catholic Culture. At its present stage, the list of subscribers to the CCCC embraces 21 states and Canada, and includes 33 religious orders of priests and sisters in 7 archdioceses and 14 dioceses of the community. The CCCC will eventually become an encyclopedia of sacred music study contributed by the world's most famous scholars and educators.

Good chant has been a very rare thing for the simple reason that reliable sources of instructions have not been available to the general public. For the most part the personnel that serve our churches and institutions in this capacity have been left to their own ambition as far as the acquisition of correct standards in liturgical music is concerned. Many schools cannot offer this type of training; undoubtedly, the problem of distances has deterred many from even venturing the undertaking.

The CCCC has touched the very core of this liturgical music problem and offers a solution more practical than ever before presented. Never before in the history of American Catholic musical education has such an outstanding faculty collaborated to give to Catholic musicians such an unexcelled authoritative course of instruction as have the staff members of the Catholic Choirmasters Correspondence Course.

The Fog

The fog creeps in on little cat feet,
Nestles by the cheese factory
And waits
With baited breath.

—Pat Trese

Paisano

By Robert Huddleston

FROM the flying bridge of the *John W. Brown,* which was moored at dock number nineteen, Livorno was a yellow blob of gooey mud, dotted here and there with demolished buildings. The army trucks methodically moving about the port area gave one the impression that an ant colony had discovered a leopard skin, and was beginning its slow, steady advance from the outside in. Livorno was a tenth section of Dante's inferno—an endless struggle to escape the mud, a struggle in which the momentary escape resulted only in a deeper involvement.

The weather was so foul that the deck gang chose a night aboard in lieu of its usual "search" for women in town. Hank and Red, AB's on the four-to-eight watch, invited the seamen off duty into their foc'sle for an evening of entertainment.

Hank had traded a ragged Italian boatman two cartons of Camels for *vino* that afternoon. The red juice was being drained at a steady rate as the *fiaschi* made the rounds of the guests. The only men who missed a drink were those who were in the midst of a joke as the wine reached their place.

The refreshments soon failed. Hank and Red, confronted with this threat to their reputation as hosts, were cast into deep thought. At last, stung by the taunting jibes of his shipmates, Hank leaped to his feet and shouted, "Well, I'll be go to —. Them MP's didn't take that 'ginny's' wine—they didn't even look in his boat." At this he darted out of the compartment.

When he had made the last swap, Hank had ordered another supply of *vino* from the Italian, but the MP's had intercepted the poor bootlegger on his return trip and had taken him into their custody. Hank had viewed this whole operation from the stage on which he was painting the side of the ship. He had watched with chagrin as the soldiers escorted the unfortunate vintner away, but now a smile began to relax the hard lines of his face. The smile

continued to spread in slow shrewdness as he groped towards the gangplank.

He reached the ground and looked up at the ship. For a moment he could see only the confused shadow of the superstructure. Such Stygian darkness might have deterred a more sober man, but Hank had that curious combination of wine and wounded vanity to goad him on. He slushed doggedly through the mud toward the "ginny's" confiscated bumboat.

Fifteen minutes later Red and the rest of the deck force heard a muffled shout. "Hey, Red! Get out here."

Red and the others shambled out on deck. "Where are ya, Hank? It's blacker 'n Satan out here."

"Down here—port side—number three hatch. Lower a line."

"Can't find a line."

"Ah, horse feathers. Lower the boom then. I can't bring this wine up on a ladder."

Wine was the magic word that set the tipsy genies to manning the boom.

"Sing, out when you're fast down there."

A pause, then, "All fast! Haul away."

"Haul away? What ya hooked on to—the anchor?"

"C'mon, C'mon, put the bone to it. That boom'll pull more'n this."

The boom creaked and strained, and the winch tugged and tightened, as the load slowly rose to the main deck.

"What the devil ya got there, Hank?"

Astraddle a case of wine swayed the triumphant Hank, ensconced in the bow of a twenty-foot Italian boat.

"I got more wine—whatcha think I got?"

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